VIII.

SCENES AT THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY.

SEVERITY OF THEIR DISCIPLINE - THEIR MEAGRE FARE-THE CONCEPTION THEY HAVE OF HAPPINESS-HOURS OF LABOR, FASTING AND DEVOTION.

FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE Gethsemane, Ky., March 3.-While all the rest of Kentucky is astir with energy and ambition there is one place where nothing is known of the Constitutional Convention, the rise of the trotter or the value of town-lots. This is the celebrated monastery of La Trappe, near Gethsemane. No more startling contrast could anywhere be found. All around are busy factories and cheerful homes, that celebrate the beauty and benignity of Christian civilization. Here a handful of gloomy religionists mew themselves up in a dismal cloister, mortifying every healthy human instinct with scourging and fasting, spending the day in mean and profitless toil, and chanting hymns the livelong night, and appealing to a God of wrath to forgive the sins of a world on which they have turned their backs forever. Some writers profess to read in this life inspiring sublimity and grandeur. To me it has appeared unspeakably pain-

You reach Gethsemane in about two hours by rail from Louisville. The country is broken by steep, hill knobs, covered with scrub forest. When you leave the train these chill and dreary mernings the silence is that of the grave. The gray clouds hang low. The black smoke from a distillery near the station sinks almost to the ground, and a light mist muffles the ring of a huntsman's rifle. A little old man, with white hair and tiny blue eyes, dressed in a cape overcoat with wide sleeves, drives over with a brass-locked leather satchel for the mail, and takes you in for the return journey behind an aged mare that beby starting before you are ready, and then has to be urged every foot of the way. For some distance you jolt and creak and flounder over a muddy road that in wet weather is almost impassable and requires all the attention of the driver. Then you emerge on a well-kept turnpike and your companion, who is nearly seventy and reads Locke "On the Human Understanding." entertains you with stories of the monks' austerity and chronic dumbness.

The first signs of the monastery are a tall white and a large cross near the roadside that surmounts a pile of rock-work.

'That's a sacred grotto," says the driver, "with a figure of our Saviour taken down from the cross and his blessed Mother, the Blessed Virgin. Now we're coming on the monastery property. These green wheat-fields are tilled by the brothers. You see that little orchard? They make eider from the apples; but last fall the crop was a At a turn in the road the entire monastery

is revealed-a square pile of solid brick, with tall windows, the white clock-spire soaring from a far corner, and all looking forbidding enough under the desolate sky. The monks are at mass as you approach, and no living thing enlivens the dreary landscape save a few lambs, whose bells tinkle forlornly. The country, nevertheless, as the driver quaintly says, "presents a very pretty appearance in the summer season." The monastery gate is approached by an avenue of elms. To the left rise a few cemetery shafts and headstones. Across the end stretches the gatehouse, a long, low building that no woman may ever pass except the wife of the President of the United States, whom the community recognizes as the "first lady in the land." On the sombre door is the inscription: "On Sundays and holidays no visitors are admitted."

The driver pulls a dangling bell-rope and starts a doleful clangor. As it dies away the door swings open and reveals a vision from Chaucer-a short, bearded friar, in a dingy brown habit, a round skull cap and leathern girdle, from which hangs a bunch of keys. His complexion is a watery pink, like that of all very thin-blooded people, and he raises to your face blue eyes that look you through and through. You awkwardly solicit

his hospitality.

"Oh, that's all right," says Brother August, in the softest of tones, as though he were accustomed through a grassy court. with a white image of the Virgin in a central ar bor. You follow him silently up a short flight of steps through the great, heavy doors of the monastery, that awake cavernous echoes as they close behind you. He motions you into a large, square room off the main hall, with a bare floor. chilly walls and curtainless windows, asks how long you expect to stay, and goes off to see about your dinner. Then you somehow shiver as the oor shuts and the clatter of his heavy shoes dies away in the corridor. The silence is grim and lowering. The cold horror of the place seems to clutch you. You inspect restlessly the great crucifix on the wall and the Rembrandtesque painting of St. Stephen's martyrdom, turn the leaves of the "Life of Leo XIII" on the table, count the formal row of chairs and stand over the furnace register to keep warm. At last a door opens and a man in ordinary dress beckons you

into the dining-room. The notice "Visitors are kindly requested to observe silence during meals," again dampens your spirits, which have been raised by the prospect of something to eat. The dining-room is several degrees gloomier than the parlor. The walls are stone-colored; the window-frames leaden and the only ornament is another crucifix. The dishes and bowls are spread on a long table, covered with brown oilcloth. A spectacled layman nods gloomily across the table as you sit down, but when you essay a cheerful remark reminds you by downcast eyes and a frigid silence of the notice on the wall. After a time his jaws cease champing and he slinks out through a side door.

Then you look sideways at the attendant. "He's a Mishishippi lawyer," says that worthy, in an unmistakable brogue. "He's in retrate. Fwhat am I doin' here? I used to be a barthender, but I got tired of the worrld an' came here to rest.

He looks dismal enough and seems to be wondering what crime disturbs your soul as you finish a frugal meal and return to the parlor. Presently you notice hooded figures passing silently before the windows. Then the door opens and a silverheaded friar, in a dingy white habit with a black apron and hood, a leathern cincture and keys, peeps in and comes to shake your hand. This is Father Peter, the guest-master, one of the holiest members of La Trappe. He has large teeth and a sloping forehead and his nose is pinched with the cold. His eyelids are red and swollen from his constant vigils. His form is shrunken and his skin glossy with age and abstinence. Repeated hemorrhages have reduced his vitality and threatened his life, but all that is no calamity to one who regards his earthly tenement as an incum-He is an unlettered Irishman, says 'thim" for "they," and has studied little but his Latin Bible and breviary. But he has the true instinct of hospitality, overflows with goodwill and touches you by his child-like innocence He has worn the white habit for forty-three years, ever since the first Trappists, who had come from France by way of New-Orleans, walked across the country from Louisville to Gethsemane. In that time, while governments have tottered and kings been overthrown, he has simply recited countless thousands of "Hail, Marys!" and learned to answer every searching question with a fext. He has heard of the shooting of President Garfield and remembers Chicago as "that city that

"We are the happiest people in the world," he says, smiling at your commiseration of his "Why shouldn't we be? We live for the glory of God and the salvation of our

was burned."

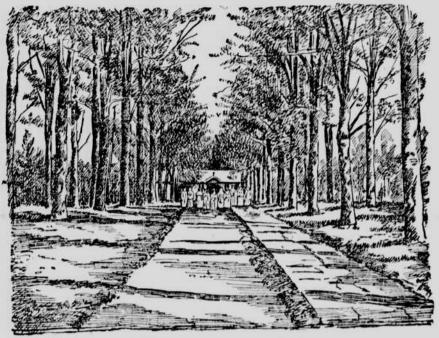
Father Peter makes up his mind that you were designed for the cloister and tells you how basy it is to defy cold and hunger with prayer.

psalm. But the purpose of the order-perpetual least dismal of which is this from Thomas a' Kem-

"The whole life of Christ was a cross and a martyrdom; and dost thou seek rest and joy?" "Now I'll show you the abbey," says Father cloister or the chapter-room."

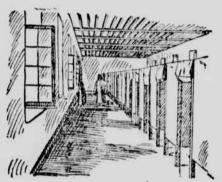
From the hall windows you see that the monas-

footfalls in the corridor and voices that come lans, since they eschew butter, milk, cheese and faintly through the walls sound strange and ceric, eggs. Meat is permitted them only when they are and in self-defence you wish you could sing even a sick or travelling by sea. Yet they manage to perform manual labor of various kinds. In the silence, perpetual toil and meditation on mor- little vineyard and about the fields you see them tality-haunts you. The corridor is full of warn- digging side by side with hired laborers, with ing texts printed in gilt letters on black cards, the the skirt of their habit hitched to their belt by a little cord. In a small smithy, a sturdy friar with a high, square head and a black beard-a Kentuckian who was formerly a distiller-drills rivet-holes in broken shards. In the carpenter's shop, a sickly looking Swiss -one of three brothers Peter, after you have sat and talked. "But please in the monastery-turns at the lathe and hammers remember that I don't speak in the chapel, the and saws every day for seven hours, after seven hours of prayer. The monks' garments, made of flannel and "double twill," sent from Ohio, are tery is built about a sodded quadrangle, and em- fashioned by a hermit tailor. But it is a wonder braces a low and narrow cloister or passageway. I that the doctor-monk, who every morning in the



ENTRANCE TO ARREY OF LA TRAPPE.

Then he leads you up the bare stairway, with | chapter-room listens with the prior to the story its image of the Virgin and painting of So. Mary of Egypt and the skull, into a wide corridor with on his hands. square windows on one side and a row of gray doors on the other. These doors belong to the hospice. On the lintels are inscribed the names of saints (mine was St. Placidus). The rooms spire, lifting its cross from behind the dun hills, are airy and light, simply furnished with a bed, table, wardrobe and washstand, a crucifix and a font of hely water. A card shows the hours for



DORMITORY OF THE ABBEY.

prayers and the rule for putting out lights at 9 The quietude, however, is oppressive and not soothing. Not even Father Peter's friendly con-Into this you pass after descending the main stairway and unlocking the heavy doors that shut off the monastic apartments, and here the venerable guide trudged along in solemn silence, with his gray head bent and his keys jingling and his lear hands folded in the sleeves of his ancient robe two or three of the brown lay brothers their hoods raised, passing without recognition, in the same dejected attitude From the cloister you enter the transept of the abbey, with its stone floor and thick white pillars and groined and vaulted ceilings in cheerless gray The monk sprinkles and crosses himself, and bends the knee before the high altar, and then pauses for you to admire the really fine sculpture of the Crucifixion in the crypt. The figures of Christ, the Virgin and the Magdalen are all of more than life-size, well posed and grouped, with a care to it. Then he grasps your valise and shuffles for minute detail, such as the tears in the eyes, but reminds you of the carvings in some of the old cathedrals in Flanders. These figures and wonderfully wrought crozier, inlaid with hundred precious woods, with a copy on the crook of Rapheal's "Madorina della Croce," were the life-work of a pious monk, now dead, who complained in life that his only instrument, a common penknife, was somehow always blunt. The high altar is shrouded during Lent by a patched cloth screen, originally black, but faded in many different shades. Beside it are efficies of St. Joseph and other saints, heavily adorned with the pink roses and other trappings that seem so tawdry to the eye of the unbeliever. Rows of stalls, divided by low elbows, face

each other on the two sides of the nave. the desks lie thick breviaties, bound in leather, with heavy bosses and brass clasps, printed in antique missal type, in red and black, with the chant-music in square black notes on a red stave. Behind the vestry is a narrow apartment, the



CHAPTER ROOM OF THE ABEEY.

walls frescoed with a sort of theatrical landscape, containing a few pews and a high pile of rockwork, with images and crosses. This is the chapel of Notre Dame de Lourdes, and the grotto is an exact duplicate of that in France made famous by many miracles. Above the door is the inscription, "Penitence! Penitence! Penitence!

There are forty-five monks in the place. Some of them have known domestic joy. An operation tenor who died in the habit some time ago had children living in Washington. A married man may enter if his wife joins a convent and his children are properly provided for. The life of the community is a perpetual round of fasting and prayer. The monastery kitchen, where the solitary meal is prepared, impresses the worldling with a vivid sense of Trappist esceticism. A brown brother stands before three stone coppers, leeding the fires with logs. On a bench are rows of yellow earthen pipkins, each holding a few bread crusts. Upon these is poured the savory but thin soup of vegetables now cooking in the coppers. Another brown brother, with spectacles, stands in an alcove cutting huge slices of coarse brown bread and carefally weighing it, to see that nobody weakly pampers his carnal appetite. The bread and the soup are eaten at 4 o'clock every afternoon, and constitute the sole meal of the day. In the refectory the monks cat in silence at long benches, out of thick yellow bowls and dishes, and drink Abbot Benedict, who died last year, is the plaincold water from unglazed earthen pitchers.

asked, incredulously, of Father Peter he replied, shrugging his shoulders. "Man can do promise of this companionship. Here, too, is a anything by his will, with God's grace. I had grotto, with an image behind glass and a card

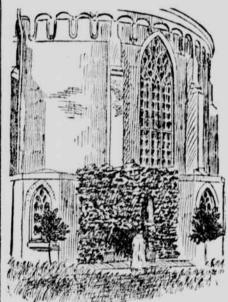
to eat meat in the infirmary about a month ago, and when I returned to this regimen it gave me a headache at first, but I soon got over it."

The Trappiets cat nothing that has had life.

of his comrades' atlments, has not more patients The monks rise at 2 in the morning-on Sun

days at 1-and go to bed at 7 at night. dormitory is as cheerful as the tomb. Philanthropists who pity convicts should see what penance these well-meaning men voluntarily undergo. The cells are all inclosed in an unroofed wooden partition set in the centre of a large chamber and reaching half-way to the ceiling. They are whitevashed inside and out and measure about 8x6 feet. They contain each a bed, a crucifix, a vessel of holy water, and a "cat," made of braided white yarn (a sailor would call it a serrit), with five thongs and five knots to the thong, each as big as a hazel nut. With this weapon the inmates thrash their bare shoulders until the blood flows. in the hope of averting the wrath of their Maker The bedsteads are formed of three boards laid side by side on a frame, against the cell wall. The mattresses are of straw, but each man has plenty of coverlets. After seventeen hours of toll and fasting, it is no wonder that, as Father Peter says, the monks are asleep as soon as their reads touch the pillow.

When the matin bell rings, they are allowed three minutes for their toilet, and at once stalk in procession through the chill corridors, before they are fairly awake, into their stalls in the abbey If anybody thinks this life is poetical, he should attend a night service. To reach the back gallery in the abbey you must cross the public chapel behind it in the dark, to a winding stair. As you gain the foot of the stairway the wailing



REAR OF THE CHURCH.

notes of the mediaeval choir-chant fall on your startled ear. From the gallery the scene is weird and unearthly. The entire abbey is wrapped in darkness, save where the burning tapers at the high altar throw into fearful relief the shadowy gray pillars and the ghastly figure on the distant crucilly. The monks are concealed by an interening gallery. But out of the pit of blackness somes the piercing cry of twenty plaintive voices, chearsing in unison the long-drawn syllables of the Latin pelter and rising and falling with painful and monotonous iteration. The only relief is in the rustle of turning leaves and the echoing shuffle of feet as the choristers stand or kneel. The intoning suddenly ceases, and the silence that ensues is even more appalling. You hold your breath as you hear the working of an unseen rope. A sad-sounding bell tolls faintly in the steeple It stops, sounds again, stops once more, and then is rung a third time. At the last note the celebrants rise, with much scraping of feet, the altar lights are extinguished, and darkness reigns Then two candles are lighted before the image of St. Joseph. A procession moves along the aisles. White cowls and tonsured heads loom spectrally in the dim light about the image. The thin ac cents of a feeble old man rise to the roof. A deep chorus responds in a minor key, and he takes up the burden while the hollow echoes are still mocking each other among the pillars. These sounds and sights are repeated until the tall arched windows are tinged with the cold light of coming day and the very marrow in your bones is chilled. Somebody asks, Do many monks die? In the

abbey vestry, among shelves holding rows of the friars' shoes, drawers and closets labelled with the names of acolyte and censer-swinger, and lists in English, French and Latin of offices and masses, hangs a framed obitnary list, emblazoned with the figure of a trumpet-blowing angel and a cemen with red wings. The deaths within the walls are shown by months in columns, February having the largest number and March the smallest. The beadsmen's burying-ground is the most pathetic sight of all. In a grassy nook behind the abbey, inclosed by a high wall, about forty black wooden crosses, with white epitaples, stand at the head of as many little mounds, overrun by an evergreen creeper. These mark the place where the whilem inmates lie coffinless, swathed only in the habit that encased their shivering forms through life. The inscriptions are of the very simplest-"Brother Francis, May 10, 1880. R. I. P." In this order hamility is a cardinal tenet, and the grave of the good est of all. By way of contrast you may note "Do you find that enough to sustain life?" I the stone shaft and longer epitaph of Anna Miles, a plous woman who helped the monastery with money and whose last earthly reward was the promise of this companionship. Here, too, is a grotto, with an image behind glass and a card offering indulgences for prayers for somebody's soul.

"It won't be long before they lay me there," remarks Brother Peter, gently, as you turn a pious woman who helped the monastery with "It has sustained mine for over forty years," money and whose last earthly reward was the

versation can dispel the penitential gloom. The and in this are more consistent than most vegetar- away, and his tone shows that the prospect soothes him.

As we walked together in the garden later in the afternoon I asked the monk how he justified

a surrender to this unnatural existence. Ah," he replied, "it isn't everybody that can stand it. You must have a vocation."

"How do you get that?" Well, the young man to whom Christ said, Sell all that thou hast and follow me," had a distinct vocation. Nowadays, if a man is unhappy in the world, he consults his spiritual adviser. His adviser tells him to pray, and if, as he prays, he finds himself becoming disgusted with the world and nothing there can satisfy him, he has a call to retirement, and by coming here he can find out whether the call is genuine or not." "Does the Scripture say that?"

"Don't you know that St. Matthew says, 'He that leaves father and mother, wife and child, lands or living, shall receive a hundred fold and life everlasting'?" (I give the texts as they were quoted.) "It may be that I should like worldly pleasures, that I should enjoy the marriage state, and so on; but there is no happiness to compare with that I find here."

But doesn't true Christianity require sacrifice for the good of others?"

"Yes, and if you go into retirement you do good to others."

" How ?" "By praying. We can do far more good in that way, some of us, than in any other. There is no benefit to compare with that."

'Couldn't you pray as well if you were married?" "Paul says, 'To be married is well, but not to

be married is better.' "Or by not refusing to speak?"

"St. James says, 'He that is silent can offend no man.' A Trappist has his thoughts constantly fixed on Heavenly things. Man is so disposed that if he talks he must talk of the world. he is silent, he immediately begins to think of God. I sit for hours meditating on the shortness of time and the length of eternity—how when I lie down at night I feel that I can In te, Domine, speravi non confundor in eternum. How long is it since you were out in the

"About twenty years."
"Don't you wonder what kind of a place

it is?"
"No. I suppose it's just the same as it used to be, excepting that they tell me it's getting worse—nothing but money and fraud and millionaire Do you ever think of the friends you left

there?"
"Yes, I pray for them." "Yes, I pray for them."

The present Abbet belongs to the princely house of Bourbon. He is a slight man, not tall, but of stately presence, with an aristocratic head and refused features. His eyes are brown, his eyebrows black, his nose sharp and his beard gray. He is the only monk that walks without shambling. He speaks English with a piquant accent and has a quick energy of manner that shambling. He speaks English with a piquant accent and has a quick energy of manner that belongs to French nerves and a delicate physique. He wears the common white habit and black scapulary of the religious father. A wooden crucilix hangs from his neck by a purple cord. The Abbot's scal ring adoras his right foreinger. He is evidently a man of great shrewdness and fine education. He shares all the hardships of his subordinates, excepting that he does no work with his hands. In his office hangs a colored political map of the United States. He receives visitors with a formal bow. A knock on the door he answers with an imperious stamp of the door he answers with an imperious stamp of the foot, and you get some idea of the discipline of the order when you see a brown brother sink on his knees before him and join his hands in supplication over some trifle concerning the smithy. him ques e Abbot thawed when I asked like those I put to Father Peter.

tions like those I put to Father Peter.

"Why is a Trapoist silent?" he repeated. He answered with another question. "What good would conversation do us? What could we talk about? I know nothing about my brothers' families and they know nothing about mine. In the world, what is the ordinary topic? Polities: then scandal."
"Couldn't you help each other by converting

tics: then scandal,"
"Couldn't you help each other by comparing "We are not angels; we are only men. We should surely drift into worldly talk if we opened our mouths. All men have passions and are weak. Think of silence, my dear friend," continued the Abbot, in a hushed whisper. "What a great thing silence is. It is the voice of God. Think of Nature, how silent she is. Think of the starry heavens. If we were to speak here, we should be nothing but farmers. The world is noisy. God alone is quiet."

"But what about all the sorrow and suffering among men that you don't help to alleviate? Don't you neglect the obligation of practical benevolence when you shut yourselves up in these cloisters?" thoughts on religion

cloisters?"

The Alebot paused. "That requires to be considered." he said, presently. Then, like Father Peter, he slew me with a text. "Don't you remember how Moses went up into the mountain. while the people were lighting in the plain below. While he lifted his hands, his army prospered. When he lowered them, they suffered loss. Now prospered.

don't you see the case?"
"What good does flagellation do the world?"
"Why, the world hates suffering. You can
never make the body love pain, except by
prayer." Is it a sin not to love pain? Do you blame

man for his natural instincts?"
"No. But flagellation is poinful, and we want to safter a little bodily pain for the sake of the sinful world. We are like the little bay who wanted

"No. But flagellation is painful, and we want to suffer a little bodily pain for the sake of the sinful world. We are like the little bay who wanted to be whipped for his brother's delinquency. O, the world is so wicked!" and the Abbot raised his hands so that the sleeves fell away from his thin, bare arms. "I was in Paris the other day and stood on the Eiffel Tower. I thought, as I looked down, how little is man! how little I am! And how much prayer is needed."

The Abbot pressed my hand cordially when I left and urged me to come again or send my friends. The only human thing about the Trappists is, indeed, their simple hospitality.

The story of the community reveals the unhealthy impulse behind it. It was founded at La Trappe, in France, in the seventeenth century, by the dissolute Abbe de Ranie, who, on hastening to meet his mistress, the beautiful Duchesse de Montbazon, after a short absence, found her dead and laid out in her coffin. Crazed with grief and remorse, he imposed on the new mistitution unheard-of sacrifice, and his fanatical beheets the Kentucky Trappists to this day patiently fulfit. The order is the Reformed Cistercian. The monastery is dedicated to the Virgia, whose purity the white cowl emblemizes. The monks are divided into two bodies, the "lay brothers," who wear the brown habit and observe all the ordinances, but know no Latin, and the "religious fathers," habited in white, who chant in the chor. Among the white fathers only those wearing the black scapulary are bound by final vows, and may never be dismissed, and of these only the priests may conduct service. An outsider is taken on trial for a month. He spends the night in prayer and fasting, and the day in toil, with intervals for meditation, and learns all about prime and salve, and matin and land and compline. He is forbidden to speak, excepting to the priests may conduct service. An outsider is taken on trial for a month. He spends the night in prayer and fasting, and the day in toil, with intervals for meditation, and learns all swimming head, intoning slow psalms in a sepul-chral key, and concentrate his thoughts on theologic al abstractions until he develops an incurable

ionomania.

If the human race is thus to be regenerated, the monomania.

If the human race is thus to be regenerated, the Abbot and his associates are not expending their breath in vain. If not, La Trappe is a torlorn anachromism. It is not a nursery of learning or the arts. The library contains no store of illuminated parchiment that ensitrines for future eyes knowledge that would otherwise perish from the earth. No Fra Bartolomeo advances art or morals by fixing on canvass his devout conceptions, and no Roger Bacon prepares to benefit science by toilsoine experiments in alchemy. The library is pervaded by a pungent odor of garlic. The books are musty and represent a narrow range of literature—sermons by Bosnet and Massillon, Spanish Bibles in twelve folio volumes, St. Chrysostom in German, sermons and prayers in old Latin, relies of exploded supersitions, and here and there a stray volume of history or travels. The notices about the walls are mostly ill-spelled—the monks are nearly all foreigners—and even the library regulations are expressed in hobbling French and execrable English. Yet the monkish influence has spread over the country-side. Only one Protestant lives on the road from the station, and a Protestant clurch has monkish influence has spread over the country-side. Only one Protestant lives on the road from the station, and a Protestant church has been turned into a schoolhouse for want of a congregation. The friars have established sev-eral schools within their demesne. My friend, the driver, confesses that they disapprove of his reading Locke, and have taken from him other books that they believe would turn his thoughts from Heaven.

from Heaven.

Before leaving this morning, I tonsted the gen-

tions in the outer world, and no anguish that equals that of one trying bravely to do his duty and beset by constant trial and temptation; and that is perhaps the very best argument against all such institutions.

SHE WALKED FROM CALIFORNIA.

MISS ZOE GAYTON FINISHES A BIG ADVERTIS-ING CONTRACT.

Miss Zoe Gayton arrived in New-York from Francisco yesterday afternoon. In all probability her arrival would not have been chronicled had it not been for the fact that she arrived on foot, having walked the entire distance from the Golden Gate. Miss Gayton is an actress whose real name is Zoreka Lopezera. In San Francisco last August she made a wager through G. H. Church, with a speculator, whose name she declines to divulge without his ent, that she would walk to New-York before April o. 1891. The stakes were \$2,000 a side, the expenses of the trip to be paid by the loser, and the conditions equired that she should follow the railway tracks as far as practicable. In addition to the stakes, about was wagered on the result. She was accompanied by J. L. Price, who represented the other party to the wager, W. J. Marshall, her manager in affairs theatrical, and her cocker spaniel dog Beauty.

The trio were met at Kingsbridge at 2 p. m. yesterday by W. J. Harding, who accompanied them the city by way of Bailey-ave., and to the Grand Central Station by way of Madison and Fourth aves. A motley crowd of 200 or 300 men and boys acted is an escort from McComb's Dam bridge to the station, where an open barouche was hired, and in this the party were driven to the office of "The Police Gazette." It was the first time Miss Gayton had ridden for seven nonths, and she said it felt good. When she reached her destination a more weather-stained, weary-looking man was never seen. She was covered with dus from head to foot, and if she ever plays the part of a female tramp she need only make herself look as she did yesterday afternoon. Her scalskin cap was faded to a yellowish brown, her long ulster, once black, had become gray with dirt, and her shoes were of the color of untanned leather, while her face was as brown as any sailor's, save where coal dust made

Miss Gayton appears to be an intelligent woman, and speaks with a strong English accent. She is Spanish, however, she says, and was born in Madrid on October 3, 1854. She left San Francisco at 4 p. m. on August 27 last, and started east from Oakland at a. m. the next day. she walked twenty-six miles the first day, and yesterday, the last of the trip, she covered twenty-five miles. Heavy snows were encountered in the Sierra and Rocky Mountains, and the weather at times was bitterly cold. Two blizzards failed to daunt the plucky woman, and rain could not top her. For four weeks in February and March she valked in the rain, and scarcely a day passed when she was not wet to the skfn. She arrived in good health, but, as she said, "Oh, so tired!"

Miss Gayton were out five pairs of shoes on the trip, and her last pair had been half-soled several She sprained her ankle in October, and one day times. She sprained her ankle in October, and one day walked only three miles. This was the minimum record. The longest distance covered in a day was forty miles, made in lowa. Mr. Price was taken ill in Nevada and was compelled to rest, but overtook the walker sixty-three miles further by train. Mr. Marshall rode about 1.000 miles of the distance. The expenses of the trip aggregated \$2,100. The Wells, Fargo Express Company holds the stakes and will pay over the money to-day. Miss Gayton will stay at the Ashland House for a few weeks' rest, and then take a theatrical company back to san Francisco over the route she followed in her long walk.

MONMOUTH STILL IN DOUBT,

THE QUESTION MAY BE DECIDED BY MONDAY -A BLACKGUARD CIRCULAR.

Mr. Withers, who has been suffering with pleurisy for several days, was well enough to attend a meeting of Monmouth Park officials at Twenty-seventh-st, and dadison ave, vesterday, but when he announced that he had been too ill to give the New-Jersey racing troubles ample consideration, and intimated that he wanted nore time, the meeting was adjourned till Monday. t is probable that something of consequence will have een decided upon by that time. Some of those who attended yesterday's meeting were James E. Kelly, . O. Appleby, G. P. Wetmore and W. L. Scott,

The conviction is growing that there will be racing at Monmouth this summer-a conviction born probably

An inquirer wants to know why the American Jockey Club cannot resume racing this season at Jerome Park. There is nothing to prevent it.

It is not likely that Mr. Duer and his associates would lease the old saddle bags track for less than \$35,000 for the season. John A. Morris's offer of 5 per cent on the capital stock of \$750,000 was rejected two years ago. That would have made an annual in-come of \$37,500. Mr. Morris has thanked his stars

innamerable times that he escaped that trade. On the other hand, the American Jockey Club has probably kicked itself for not accepting the offer.

Some blackguard is scattering broadcast over the city a circular in which he announces that Peter De Lacy & Co. will open an office at Elizabeth on or about April 5, says that Tenny is a sure thing for the suburban, intimates that James E. Kelly is behind the present crusade against the polyrooms, and asserts that the results of the polyrooms, and asserts that the care said that everybody was in favor of consolidation some time. But, meanwhile, bridges, sweets, formerly in the billiard business, will not make a book in Jersey this summer." Hearty steeker is supposed to be the person aimed at here.

AN UNCERTAIN BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

The buisness failures in the last week as reported w telegraph to R. G. Dun & Co.'s mercantile agency, numbered 22s for the United States and 2s for Canada, a total of 256, compared with 275 in the preceeding the corresponding week of 1890. The weekly review says: "If no news is good news, his concerns the con-

dition of business at this season, the outlook is fairly satisfactory. It is a senson of transition and un ertainty, and every week that passes without dis inctly untoward events brings closer the new and probably large crops of next summer, and lessens the hance that intervening disaster, financial, industrial chance that intervening disaster, financial, industrial or commercial, may prevent the revival of all business. The events of the last week have not been on the whole unfavorable. Some failures of local consequence have occurred, but nothing to indicate that the commercial situation is unsound. Trade has been rather quiet and hesititing, as is natural at this season, and there is rather more complaint of slow collections, but throughout the Northwest bad weather and the bad state of country roads supply an explanation. Money is in fair and increasing supply, and though still tight at salt lake and scarce at Jackson-ville, and in stronger demand at Omalia and Miwanmongn still tight at Sub Lake and scarce at Jackson-ville, and in stronger demand at Omala and Milwan-lees, is almost everywhere easier, so that wants of legitimate business are met without fromble. The out-look for the coming crops continues exceptionally good, it has been a week of unhealthy speculation in some products, owing to desperate efforts of powerful com-binations to force prices on which they can unload without loss."

TWO STUMPES, A LUMPE AND A " CHUMPE." Mrs. Stumpf landed at the Barge Office from the

steamer Spaarndam yesterday, and sent a letter to come and get her. The lefter was handed to Carl Lumpf, who works at the same place as Carl Stumpf. Lumpf was surprised to get the letter, but thought be Lumpf was surprised to get the every out mought or would come up to the city and see the woman who claimed him as husband. When Mr. Lumpf met Mrs. Stampf they were both surprised, but the tangle being straightened out, Lumpf went back and teld stumpf, who then came up and met his wife. Lumpf and Stumpf think the postman was a "chumpf."

A BIG PURCHASE OF CITY REAL ESTATE. One of the largest transactions in New-York City real state which has lately taken place was closed yesterday

Daniel Butterneld farm. The property transferred com-prises over 400 city 1gts, or eighteen full blocks, bounded by a line in the centre of the block between One-hundred-and-seventy-seventhest, and One-hundred-and-seventyghth-st., by the southerly boundary of One-hundred-andrighty-second-st., ty Tenth-ave, and by the Kingsbridge Road. For this large tract of city property a round 1,000,000 was paid. The present owners are Henry Morgenthau, of the law firm of Lachman, Morgenthau & Goldsmith, Tribune Building; R. Clarence Dors tt, lawyer and president of the Harism Club; John Whalen, M. The former owners were Vice-President Levi P. Mortor and George Bliss. The negotiations finished yesterday extended over a period of more than five meaths, Mr. Morton holding unflinehingly to the price named. The property was at one time a part of the Governor E. D. ereated a stir in the real estate market. After having been extensively advertised to be sold at auction it was announced five minutes before 12 o'clock on 10, 1885, the time the sale was advertised to take place

10. 1885, the time the said was accertaint to take parchase, that the property and been disposed of at private purchase. The price paid by Mr. Morton and Mr. Bliss was ¥450,000. Since their purchase the value of the land has appreciated through the laying out of streets and the building of the Washington Bridge, which has made One-hundred-the washington because the party of that section. of the Washington Bridge, which has made One-hundred-and-eighty-second-st the main thoroughfare of that section of the city. The home of J. Hood Wright and Lilby borhood. The present owners of the property will organize them-selves into the Washington Heights Improvement Company, and at once place their purchase upon the market.

MR. GREEN DEFEATED.

FAILURE OF HIS CONSOLIDATION RESOLU TIONS.

AN UNSATISFACTORY MEETING OF THE COM-MISSION THAT IS CONSIDERING THE QUESTION OF MAKING A GREATER NEW-YORK.

An important fact was developed at the meeting of the Municipal Consolidation Commission, in Andrew H. Green's office yesterday, namely, that the Commission is divided into two parties-Messrs. Green, Stranahan and the New-York men who want to consolidate, and the Long Island and Staten Island men who do not, at least until every step of the process has had the fullest and freest discussion. meeting there were present, besides Mr. Green, George R. Catheart, Frederick W. Devoe, John L. Hamilton and Calvin Vaux, of this city, John M. Brinckerhoff, of Queens County; J. S. T. Stranahan, of Brooklyn William D. Veeder, of Kings County; and George G. Greenfield, of Richmond County. The absent members of the Commission were John Bogart, of this city; Edward F. Linton, of Brooklyn; and Charles P. McClelland, of Westchester County.

The anti-consolidation party made itself felt by preventing the adoption of Mr. Green's consolidat olutions, which, he said, had been prepared merely for discussion, as the basis of a report to the Legis lature. These were the resolutions:

That those parts of the territory of the State of New York which are hereinster described, together with all rights, powers, privileges, franchises, tenements, heredita nents and appart nances thereto belonging, should in the interest of the whole people of the State be merged, con-solidated and incorporated into one municipality, to be known and designated as the "City of New-York," and governed and administered by a single administration

The city of New-York, the county of Kings, the county of Richmond, the town of Westchester, and that portion of the towns of Eastchester and Pelham which lie southerly of a straight line drawn from the point where the northerly line of the city of New-York intersects the centre line of the Bronx River to the middle of the channel between Hunter's and Glen Islands in Long Island Sound, Long Island City, the town of Newton, the town of Flushing, the town of Jamaica, and that part of the town of Hempstead as is westerly of a straight line drawn from the point where the easterly line of the town of Flushing meets the waters of Long Island Sound, through the middle of the channel between Rockaway Beach and Shelter Island to the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

That all public property, rights, franchises, immunities and easements belonging to any one of the municipalities proposed to be consolidated shall become and be the property of the united city, and that all debts, obligations and liabilisies, of whatever nature, shall be and become obligations of the said united city, and, as soon as practicable, shall be adjusted and paid by the avails of bonds to be issued thereby.

That there shall be but one and an equal rate of taxa-tion of property in said city.

That a charter be prepared for submission to the Legislature providing for the government and administration of said city under elective forms concentrating all local legislative powers in one chief executive officer, and two separate legislative boards. The executive power to be lodged in a single chief officer, to be aided by departments comprehending duties of a homogeneous nature, which, far as may be, should be under a single head.

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addition Mr. Green said that the commission was in need of money, and suggested that \$2,000 be Mr. Stranahan thought New-York should provide for

the present Legislature.

the expen Mr. Vedder thought that the commission might simply report progress and ask for the money.

The matter was dropped without any action being taken on it. Mr. Stranahan's suggestion that ex-Mayor Hewitt, of New-York, and ex Mayor schroeder, of Brooklyn, called in to help the commission was floored by

Mr. Green, who declared that there were enough ex-

Mr. Green then proposed this resolution:

Mr. Green then proposed this resolution:

That this commission will hold a session on Tuesdays
and Fridays of each week, at 11 a. m. at its office; that
the president be authorized to invite such persons as, in his judgment, will be likely to express the sentiment of their respective localities or to make valuable suggestions on the subjects which this commission was created t sider, and that any citizen be at liberty to appear at such meetings to give expression of his views thereon.

Mr. Veeder said that such a resolution should have been adopted long ago, but strange to say, Mr.

swers, roads, public improvements of all the Metropolitan districts, were being built in a heterogeneous
anconnected way by the different municipalities, and
they would all have to be laid over again by and
by, and the commission ought to decide something.
Several members suggested that they pass the resolations for hearings, but Mr. Green withdrew all his
resolutions in a baunch, saying it was no use to press,
them. Then there was a discussion about adjournment and hearing. Mr. Green insisting that if anybody was heard everybody should be.
Finally the meeting was adjourned till next Thursday, at 11 o'clock, and any one who wants to be
heard will be listened to. Mr. Green's temper was
so much ruffled by the failure of his resolutions that
he refused to farmish a meeting place for the commission any longer. Mr. Stramahus soothed him, however, and he consented to let the Board meet at his
office one more time. After next Thursday it must
find other quarters.

TO GET MORE ROOM FOR THE ANIMALS.

The passage by the Senate of the bill for the removal of the Central Park menageric from its present site to some place in one of the parks north of One-hundred and fifty fifth st. was generally welcomed yesterday by those most nearly interested in the welfare of the animals, birds and reptiles that have an uncomfortable home in the present cramped quarters provided for them.

Superintendent Conkling said to a Tribune reporter vesterday, that he was glad that the bill had passed. He would have preferred to have had the menageric removed to some good site in Central Park, as most of removed to some good site in Central Park, as most of the visitors lived south of Fifty-ninth-st. But to get such a site was impossible. The present place was much too small for the proper accommodation of the animals, many of which were extremely valuable, and the present collection would make a splendid nucleus for a menigerie worthy of the State. Some of the regular visitures to the menagerie were asked their opinion about the change, and though regretting it, thought it was the only way to get a good "Zoo," but it was hoped by all, that the new fulldings would allow much more space for the animals.

NEWS FOR NAVAL MEN. The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has

ssued a copy of "The United States Coast Pilot" overing that part of the Atlantic Coast including Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries. This is the second of a new series that will cover the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts of the United States. It inludes a tabular description of all lighthouses, lightvessels, and fog signals; lists of life-saving stations, signal Service display stations, and sea-coast telegraph stations; information regarding tides, tidal currents, variations of the compass, of the several bodies of water and harbors, of the usual or best anchorages, sailing directions, etc. The work is freely illustrated with outline views of important points along the coast, which make them distinguishable to landsmen as well as mariners. Just before the armored cruiser Maine was launched

Just before the armored cruiser Maine was launched at the Navy Yard, serious defects were discovered in the "struts," or supports for the main shafts, which are fastened on the outside of the hull near the stern. The Navy Department advertised for proposals to make new ones of forged steel, but no satisfactory blds having been received, it has been decaded that they shall be constructed by the Government. They will be made of wrought iron and will cost about \$6,500.

NAVY INTELLIGENCE.

Washington, March 27 .- Assistant Surgeon James H. North, jr., is ordered to the Nevy Yard, New York; Passed Assistant Paymaster Frank H. Clark to hold himoff in readiness for orders to the Fish Commission steamer Albatross; Passed Assistant Surgeon Charles W. Rush detached from the Navy Yard, New-York, and ordered a detached from the Navy Yard, New-York, and ordered a duty in connection with the Intercontinental Railway Commission; Passed Assistant Surgeon Frederick N. Ogden detached from the receiving ship St. Louis and ordered to duty in connection with the Intercontinental Railway

Commission.

The commander in-chief of the Asiatic station reports.

The commander in-chief of the Asiatic station reports. The commander-in-enter of the Asiato september to the Navy Department under date of March 6 that the Omaha (flagship) would start for Panama March 9. She was to receive a fresh complement of mrn and return to her station; but the new men cannot be spared and the vessel, it is feared, is in such a condition that she cannot be remired within the legal limit of cost. She will be sent to San Francisco and be examined by a Naval-Board. The Monocacy left Kinkiang on February 26 and